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his eyes upon him. Philoxenos saw the point. Scrambling to his feet, he beckoned to the tyrant's body-guard and cried:

"Take me, take me back to the Quarries!"

Thus we see that an interval of twenty-two centuries has not changed men's character, but—what is even more astonishing—exactly the same episode occurred in the nineteenth century after Christ as in the fourth before!

BELFRY OR CUPOLA ON THE CITY HALL?

'Tis hard to accommodate all demands, all tastes. When McComb designed the City Hall of New York he did not conceive of the tower over the center as a clock-tower or a belfry, although there were plenty of precedents. In fact he might have placed a dome there if he had not feared the expense from the ground up, and the other difficulties. All he did was to design a cupola. That originally was a "little dome" on the apex of a big dome, but became in time a word for a "lantern" or any circular or flat-sided elevation above a roof. When this cupola was to be rebuilt after the fire in 1858, a demand was made that the city hall, if it had no belfry proper, should at least have a clock-tower by whose dials the citizens hurrying to business might set their watches and coming from business might set the home clock—a very reasonable demand! But the McComb design was not fit for clock faces, so it was put aside and the cupola clock-tower that all New Yorkers know was duly installed—after whose design no one knows.

It is an age of restoration and the cry is: Back to the design of the worthy McComb!

How are we to go back if we expect to follow the original design? That is the problem set before Mr. Grosvenor Atterbury to whom has been entrusted the solution. Some sketches have been submitted to the committee by Mr. Atterbury in which the McComb design has been retained and clock-faces introduced; it remains to be seen whether any one of these suggestions will meet the requirements of the New York Art Commission, the body before which all such municipal matters have to go before final acceptance. One thing is certain: whatever is done—we must have a clock in the cupola.

THE RANGER SALE

The late Henry W. Ranger of New York left the bulk of his fortune to the National Academy of Design. Last spring the American Art Association held a sale of his paintings and showed them for a week prior to the sale. The exhibition was attended as probably never before when the attraction was the output of an American painter. The warm hues of late autumn as shown by many of the canvases and the studies of oaks in winter livery, the combinations of greens in cedar, pine and maple, in elm and chestnut, hickory and locust found great favor. His pictures of ships and shipyards at Noank and elsewhere on Long Island Sound seemed to meet approval. The

apparent admiration of a picture-viewing crowd, however, is rarely translated into overt acts of purchase when it comes to the sale.

In this case however the pessimist was wrong and the optimist had everything his own way. The sale of Ranger's paintings was not a success merely, but one without a parallel heretofore, in cases where the painter was an American. Probably we have never had a sale of the pictures of an American artist deceased when the average price brought by the canvases as a whole was more than five hundred dollars for each. The highest price of \$4,000 has been often surpassed for paintings by the living and those deceased, but there was never so large an aggregate sum for the sale of an entire atelier. Since this money goes to swell the quarter million left to the Academy by Ranger's will, the artists who are interested in that venerable organization are not a little elated. It is indeed a good sign when we find some sections of the public willing to believe that Americans can paint pictures which will stand the test of all changing fashions in art and remain as attractive in the future as in the past.

BALLADE OF THE LIBIDO

Would you be a poet, lad?
Modern, up to date?
One whom editors are glad
To remunerate?
(No Class B, my mate!)
Whether for free verse you go,
Or the other state—
Chant the Libido.

Would you write a novel, lad?
One that will be great?
Something that will sell like mad?
Not invertebrate
But a heavy-weight—
Low life upstairs, high below?
Then your story freight
With the Libido.

Would you be a critic, lad?
Do decrees of fate?
Sift the so-so from the bad?
Subtly indicate
What is quite third-rate?
Study up Freud, Jung & Co.
And pontificate
Of the Libido.

Envoy

Reader, sorry, sore and sad,
(Eke you will be so!)
When you cannot stand it, lad,
Damn the Libido!

J. L. H. in *Reedy's Mirror*